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THE MAN JESUS

BY MARY AUSTIN

CHAPTER IX

THERE is a hint in the record of Luke that Jesus was **not** at all certain that he would not be apprehended before he was out of the city, and that his motive in returning to the suburbs was to give to his companions a freedom of action which in the unfamiliar, crowded streets would not have been possible. It goes to show, too, that there was nothing miraculous in his foreknowledge, and that he drew it largely from his acute perception of character rather than from any mysterious faculty of prevision. Except as he gathered it from the cupidity of Judas and the volatile temperament of Peter, he really did not know just what was about to come upon them. For as much as he understood he prepared them. Every man was to take his own purse and his staff, remembering the time he had first sent them forth without purse or scrip or shoes, and yet lacking nothing. Anticipating the possibility of their having to cut their way out of the city, he advised that any man having two coats should sell one and buy a sword. Presently Peter showed him two, and one of them, certainly, Peter carried.

The city hummed with the sounds of festivity—lamps lit in the upper chambers, family reunions, hurrying groups of belated pilgrims, as between two swords the little company passed out almost under the temple, whose great gates would be flung open at midnight, by the north gate into the valley of Jehoshaphat and across Kidron. At this season the little creek would have been at flood, frothing in its stony channel. There was a full, watery moon, and the smell of sap from the orchards. Up a little way from Kidron toward Olivet was a walled garden called Gethsemane, the place of the oil press, to which he had the owner's leave to repair for rest and privacy. Here the noise of the city fell off, and there was no sound louder than the bubble of the brook and the soft chafing of boughs. Taking James and Peter and John with him, leaving the others at the gate, Jesus advanced further into the garden, and, when he had charged the three to pray lest they fall into temptation, he went about a stone's throw from them, and, kneeling, addressed himself to the Father.

No doubt the three obeyed the injunction; but the prayers of simple men are soon done. They prayed for their own souls and the speedy coming of the Kingdom; then, between waking and dozing, they heard Jesus say, "Abba, Father, all things are possible unto thee; take away this cup from me . . ." but, understanding nothing of what troubled him, they fell presently into the deep sleep of working men.

To realize anything of the travail of soul, the first which possessed Jesus since the Wilderness, we have to realize how absolutely voluntary was his surrender to the occasion which was even now seeking him through the streets of Jerusalem. There was no indictment against him and no offense except as he created it by his attack on the temple traffic. He was now outside the city gates with the eleven faithful, each with his own scrip at his side and his staff in his hand, and with at least two swords. Twenty minutes away in Bethany there were friendly folk, and all about them the hill country of Judea, as safe to the hill men of Galilee as his mountain is safe to the wild goat. And once back in their own country the Sanhedrin would have had no power over them, and, so long as they kept to that district, no use for them. There Jesus might have lived, teaching and healing a few, and, provided he committed no overt act against the political organization or the business interests of his time, esteemed a holy man and dying at last in the odor of sanctity. Nothing that we know of Jesus, however, permits us to think that he ever contemplated such an alternative. Once for all he had committed himself to the venture of a rational faith. He had prayed that death might be turned aside, but in himself there was no shadow of turning. What distinguished him from all other Treaders of the Way was the close correspondence between his will and his perception, so that he is seen to move forward in his appointed path with none of the fumbings and hesitations of lesser men. He had none of the feeling of moral helplessness which characterizes reformers of our time. It is too much even to say that he chose, except as the soul is thought of as saving itself alive by continuing in an active state of choosing, inbreathing, outbreathing. He suffered as a man the consequences of his instinctive selection; but there is no evidence that he suffered indecision. Here in the garden his quick mind outran the occasion and assailed him with the bitterness of betrayal, humiliation, and seeming defeat; the sensitive frame worked out the suggestion of physical anguish. So, between waking and sleeping, the three heard him say, "Nevertheless, not what I will, but what Thou wilt," and observed that great drops of sweat stood upon him. All unconsciously they laid upon him the peculiar burden of the great, to know themselves, even by those on whose account they accept greatness, wholly uncomprehended. For when, from what high and unknowable source, help had at last flowed back to him, he found the three still sleeping.

"Sleep on," he said, "and take your rest . . . the hour is

come," and a little later, hearing a noise at the gate, "Rise up, let us go. He that betrayeth me is at hand." While he was yet speaking, came Judas with a detachment of the temple police to arrest him. They found him as by report the world had come to know him, contained, courteous, ironical. Said he: "Are ye come out, as against a thief, with sword and with staves to take me?" and again, as they bound him, "I was daily with you in the temple teaching, and ye took me not." After that, silence.

Too much is always made of the defection of the twelve, and not enough of the fact that Jesus pointedly turned his back on them. In the flurry of the arrest one had cried out, "Lord, shall we smite with the sword?" and Peter, without waiting for the injunction, drew his own sword and sliced the ear of the high priest's servant. Not only did Jesus refuse their aid in this crisis, but it is not of record that he referred to them again, sent for them, left any message. To them the Word had been committed; the last thing he could have wished would be to implicate them in his disaster. The last thing they would have thought of would be to act in opposition to his suggestion. They were children of the earth, whose instinct in danger is to be still and to keep on being still. Not knowing what was best to be done, they did nothing. Several had with them their families, whose safety was their first concern. Only Peter followed the guard afar off, and from him and from the common report, all our account of that night's doings are derived.

The key to the situation is to be found in the fact that Jesus was first taken not to the high priest who had ordered his arrest, but to the house of that arch-grafter, Annas. The difficulty was that the chief reason why Jesus must be put out of the way—his interference with the temple traffic—nobody dared mention. Evidently not all the Sanhedrin shared or approved of the buying and selling within the sanctuary. Here we have a thoroughly modern situation: a representative body, in the main, well-intentioned, manipulated by a group within the group whose spring of action was illegitimate profit. Some indictment of Jesus must be found which would not only appeal to the majority of the Sanhedrin, but would look well before the Roman Governor. For the Sanhedrin had for some time been deprived of the death sentence; the most they could do would be to represent Jesus as guilty of death by the Jewish law, and to persuade Pilate to fix that penalty. And none so competent to have that business in hand as the Sadducean Annas. Eminently safe as a churchman, not troubled by particular scruples, wealthy, astute, he was easily the man to get the better of the comparatively honest and tactless Procurator.

What passed between Jesus and the ex-high priest is not known, except that Annas sent him bound to Caiaphas; there, before the hastily summoned Sanhedrin, an attempt was made, by means of false witnesses, to implicate Jesus in a charge of sedition. Somebody was

found who had heard Jesus say something that could be tortured into a threat to overthrow the temple in three days and build it again. This was plainly anarchical; but even here there was no agreement between the witnesses. When all else failed, Caiaphas made his final cast; no doubt he had been instructed thereto by Annas; possibly he delayed, fearing to invite in the innermost circle of Israel so stirring a declaration. Made before the common people, it would have been answered with a cry; but here, in the heart of the priestly aristocracy, it struck offensively across every tradition of caste and religion. Said Caiaphas: "Art thou the Christ, the son of the Blessed?"

And Jesus answered, "I am."

Whereupon the high priest rent his garment, as was proper to a high priest on hearing a blasphemy.

"What need ye any further witnesses?" he cried. "What think ye?" And the elders of Israel judged him guilty of death.

The while this was in progress Peter had come into the open court of the high priest's palace and gleaned what he could among the loafing guard. About cock-crow a maid servant, hanging about for a bit of chaff with the soldiers, looked down from the gallery and saw him warming himself at the charcoal braizer.

"Thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth," she cried to him accusingly; but he denied it, and in the very denial gave evidence against himself; for one, to whom the broad Galilean dialect was known, insisted, "Thy speech betrayeth thee." And Peter, thinking of nothing, perhaps, but how he could keep on hanging about until he learned what was taking place behind the high palace windows, began to curse and swear, saying, "I know not the man." Hardly had he finished speaking when, far down the Tryopeon, a cock crew shrilly. Then Peter remembered how, the evening before, Jesus had said to him in the very moment of protesting loyalty, "Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me"; and he went away, weeping bitterly.

It was as well for Peter that he missed what was going on within the high priest's apartments at that moment: the spectacle of the chief priests of Israel, drawing aside their garments from contamination as they passed, and spitting in the face of a young Jewish workman who stood bound in the palace of Caiaphas. In the interval between this and the time when it would be possible to go to the Prætorium with the prisoner, the guard relieved the chill morning watch with a crude game played on the prophet of Nazareth. When they had blindfolded him, they slapped at him, saying "Prophecy! Who is it that smote thee?"

In order that Pilate should rise out of bed at seven in the morning to hear who blasphemed the God of the Jews and who regarded Him, some pressure must be brought to bear, for which Annas could be trusted. It was important to secure both judgment and execution

before the news of the arrest of Jesus had spread in the city, but this was not the first time the Sanhedrists had had their way in spite of the Procurator, and if all else failed there was the well known capacity of Annas to make generous loans to his friends in the Prætorium. Morning found Pilate on the judgment seat, but it also found him reluctant. It is even said, with color of probability, that his reluctance extended to the point of sending Jesus to Herod as being a Galilean and therefore out of the Procurator's jurisdiction. But Herod, more than ever needing the public countenance, and shy of prophets since his experience with John the Baptist, after he had satisfied a coarse curiosity about the Galilean, sent him back again.

The charge brought against Jesus was that he had claimed to be King of the Jews. There was a measure of guile in this, for on nothing was Rome so severe as on political offenders, but it is also probable that it was the only way in which they could convey to the Roman mind what was implied in Jesus' announcement that he was the Messiah. The Christ had always been thought of as a king, and of the Davidic line. One can imagine, too, a certain Jewish reluctance to have the mysteries of their religion pawed over by this Roman hireling.

The claim, if it had been made, was certainly seditious, and Pilate had the man scourged for it, and again he would have let him go. There was a custom of releasing a prisoner at this season, concerning which and its bearing on the manner of the death of Jesus, there are many nice problems for scholars, reaching deep into ancient Hebrew practise. It is enough here to state that when the Procurator suggested that he so release Jesus, the rabble who heard him clamored instead for one Barabbas, a direct actionist of his time; one who in a recent insurrection in the city had done killing.

All this took place in the court of the Governor's palace, Pilate speaking from the gallery, for the Jews would not go into the house of a heathen, lest they defile themselves for the Passover. There were present the chief priest, his accusers, and certain of their following, together with such of the idle and curious who could be picked up in the streets so early in the morning, knowing little of the affair but taking their cue from the majority; but among them all, probably, no friend of Jesus. That is why it is impossible to say which of the things written, if any, really happened: whether the governor's wife had a dream, whether Pilate washed his hands—a Hebrew custom and not likely to be adopted by a Roman—whether that question, "What is truth?" was ever asked and went unanswered, and the crowd cried, "We have no king but Cæsar!" Out of all these obscurities but one thing sounds unmistakably: the raucous shout of the mob led by the Sanhedrists, crying, "Crucify him, crucify him!" "Why, what evil hath he done?" asks the Governor, and again, "crucify him!" And Pilate, weary at last of the whole affair, delivered him to be crucified.

Outside the north wall of the city, going out by the Damascus gate, and in plain sight from the longest road that goes over the Bridge, is the place of public execution called Golgotha. Here, about nine of the morning, before the feast of the Passover, Jesus was led to be crucified, and with him they crucified two thieves, for it was the custom to reserve one or two executions for festival times as an example. What had happened in the interim belonged to the time and the manner of his transgression; allowing for the formality of the inquiry and for the sending to Herod, the time of his torment must have been mercifully short. It was important to have Jesus out of the way before the terrified and astounded followers could rally to his defense. He went out as other malefactors, bearing his cross, attended by four soldiers and a few of the idle and curious. In front of him was carried a board on which was written his offense: *This is the King of the Jews*. There was a sting in this for the Sanhedrists, over which Pilate chuckled. "Write not," they protested, "The King of the Jews," but that he said, "I am King of the Jews." Said the Roman, "What I have written I have written." He was not in a yielding humor.

Another group in the little company that followed Jesus out of the Damascus gate is deserving of mention,—a company of the good women of Jerusalem who made it a work of mercy to succor the transgressor. For the code of Moses was at all points merciful; neither crucifixion nor any other lingering death was allowed under it. In pursuance of their custom, these came now offering Jesus the solace of their weeping. On the cross they offered him wine to drink mixed with hyssop for the deadening of his pains, and though he would not take it, it was the sole relieving incident.

As the day wore on, three or four of the women of Galilee who had come up to Jerusalem in his company, came stealing by the hill path from Olivet, and standing some distance off observed what was done to him. The soldiers sat on the ground and dined for his garments. The crowd grew and thinned and grew again, for was he not accounted a prophet from whom even in extremity wonders might be expected? Smoke of sacrifice streamed like a banner over Mount Moriah; clearly they heard the chant of the Levites and the windy trumpets. All up the hills of Judea showed the pale silvered green of olives and the almond orchards turning rosy. Now and then out of the crowd someone reviled him, saying, "He saved others; himself he cannot save." Toward the middle of the afternoon one of his poor tortured companions cried out of agony, "If thou be Christ, save thyself and us." But the other, "Remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." And, "Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise," said Jesus. So it is reported, but neither they that had heard nor they that wrote it were of the Prophet's following.

About the ninth hour, at the time when the paschal lamb should be slain as an expiation for all Israel, the strained frame yielded a

moment to unendurable anguish. He cried out with a loud voice, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and almost immediately after, those nearest heard him say, "I thirst." But when one more compassionate would have offered him on a sponge the sour wine of the soldiers, there were others who, mistaking the Aramaic words, "Eloi, Eloi," for the name of the Prophet, said, "Let us see whether Elias will come to save him," for they were disappointed that there was yet no miracle. And while they waited, with a great cry he bowed his head and died.

Ordinarily, the crucified are three or four days dying, but the approach of the Passover made it a defilement according to the Jewish law for them to be left hanging there in extremity. About the time the shadow of the temple stretched eastward to Olivet, therefore, the Sanhedrists directed that death should be hastened by the breaking of the victims' legs as was customary. So it was done to the thieves, but when they came to Jesus it was not necessary, for they discovered that the spirit had already left him.

CHAPTER X

Some six or eight weeks after these events, at the time when the feast of the first fruits of the harvest was kept at Jerusalem, the inhabitants of that city were astonished to find Simon Peter preaching Jesus boldly as the Christ, and him risen from the dead. There stood up with him on that occasion about a hundred and twenty true believers, among whom were the eleven (for Judas, when he understood what he had done, went out and hanged himself), together with Mary, the Mother of Jesus, and James, his brother, and many who had been added to their company by reason of the rising from the dead, which Peter declared to the men of all nations, Medes and Elamites, dwellers in Mesopotamia and Cappadocia and Egypt, in the parts of Lybia, strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes. This was the Peter who had denied Jesus with oaths in the house of the high priest, who now preached somewhat in this fashion: how that Jesus had been approved of God by many signs and wonders, had been crucified, dead and buried, the third day he arose from the dead and had appeared to Mary Magdalene, to the eleven, and to a considerable company of the disciples. Unlettered as Peter was, such was the faith and fervor of his preaching that on that same day about three thousand converts were added to the number of believers.

Something had certainly happened to these reticent and easily shaken peasant souls to raise them to the plane of spiritual conviction from which neither revilings nor martyrdom could dislodge them; *something* which had not only rallied them from the shock of his shameful death, but had clarified and fused the teachings of Jesus as the whole of his living ministry had not done. It had reached out beyond the circle of his personal following and had convinced of

his absolute Messiahship many who had so far accepted Jesus only as a teacher. This is the first unequivocal mention that we have of the members of Jesus' own family among his followers; all that could be gathered at Jerusalem, filled with the holy spirit and praising God daily.

Unfortunately, no first-hand account of the events which had worked this astounding revolution has come down to us; but something can be made out under the legendizing tendency of the time at which it was finally committed to writing. Separated from the suggestion of the supernatural, with which everything that Jesus did began very quickly to be colored, incidents of the resurrection show an arresting consistancy with the occasion and its background.

It had been about three of the afternoon when Jesus bowed his head upon the cross with a great cry, and a little before sunset when, in compliance with the Jewish regulation, the body had been taken down. It had been given, at his own request, into the hands of one Joseph of Arimathea, probably a member of the larger Sanhedrin, one of those who had not consented to the death of Jesus, and in any case, a man sufficiently in authority to win such a concession from Pilate. It was now too close to the eve of the Passover to admit of any proper rite of burial, so that the body was merely wrapped in a clean linen cloth saturated with spices, after the Hebrew custom, and laid in a new rock tomb not far from Golgotha. The women of Galilee who had watched the crucifixion from afar off followed and marked where it was laid. It lay wrapped in a cloth pungent with aromatic and preservative drugs, with no confining coffin, and about it played the cool airs of the garden. One must consider also the condition of the body, how that it was not broken, and that it had at most the marks of scourging, the nailholes in the hands and feet, and possibly a spear prick in the side. This is to allow the utmost to tradition. Of such wounds none is necessarily fatal, and the spear wound does not appear in any but the second century Gospel, where it is related with a curious commentary that blood flowed from it; but blood does not flow from dead bodies. It was not invariable in crucifixion that the feet were impaled—sometimes only the hands. It is to be remembered also that the body which lay there in the rocky tomb was that of a well man of great hardihood, a man who, at the first turn of the tide of consciousness, could have reached out and laid hold on the eternal source of healing. Whether or not we are to believe that the tide did so turn and bore him flooding back to life, there is much in the gospel narrative to give color to such a supposition.

It does not come clear to us as does the story that was afterward told of his birth—pure legend, arched and sculptured into a perfect tabernacle wherein is laid up the choicest treasure of the heart with kings and shepherds, angel choirs and lowing kine to signify all that his coming meant to humanity. It lies embedded, as the narrative of

facts so often does lie, in all the crossing and contradictory statements of it. It is a story of a thing that was known to a scant score of timid and illiterate folk, sojourning in a great city, a thing kept secret on its own account and whispered cautiously from ear to ear in fear of the authorities; finally, when it was some time past, blazoned as a mystery, and committed to writing only after some forty or fifty years. Yet the story preserves the form of veridicity. It begins on the morning of the third day, as soon as it was light, with the women of Galilee stealing forth from Bethany or wherever on Olivet their camp might be, for it is certain that the disciples were not lodged in the city. They came by dew-wet orchard paths beside which, here and there, sprang the little low, green veined flowers called "star of Bethlehem." High over them the temple walls began to take the day upon their gilded pinnacles; they heard the clatter at the gates from the guard changing, and the hordes of market gardeners with their donkeys waiting to be let in. They found the garden, which is close to Golgotha, and then along the limestone outcrop they followed the line of tombs to the one that they had marked. Accounts differ as to why they came, with what purpose to prepare the body for more ceremonious burial, and what happened when they had come; but they agree in this: that they found the tomb empty and the grave cloth lying at one side.

Two of the three went back with this message to the disciples, but Mary Magdalene remained walking and weeping in the garden. And as she walked Jesus spoke to her, but she, thinking it was the gardener, said to him:

"Oh, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away." Then he called her by her name.

"Mary!"

"Rabboni," she answered instinctively to the familiar tone, and turning she knew him. She would have kissed his feet perhaps, or fingered a fold of his garment to make sure if it were really he or a vision of thin air, but he, sensitive from his wounding, drew back.

"Touch me not," he said; and then, reassuring, "I am not yet ascended to my Father." Then he bade her go and say to the disciples he would meet them in a place they knew of in Galilee, and so departed out of her knowledge.

One hears how Peter and John, when the women brought them word, came running and stooped down and looked into the empty tomb, not knowing what to make of it. And the next we hear is that two of his disciples, but not of the twelve, and therefore not so familiar with his countenance, walked from Jerusalem to their home at Emmaus, and as they walked they talked of the things which had been done at the Passover. And talking thus they were accosted by one who inquired of them what manner of communication they had with one another that they should be so sad. And one of them whose

name was Cleopas, answered him with an account of all that had happened, speaking of Jesus as a prophet whom the rulers had condemned to be crucified. "But," said Cleopas, "we trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel."

"O fools," said the stranger, "and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken!" Then he began to show them out of the scriptures how it was necessary that the Messiah should suffer these things, feeling his way like a true Hebrew backed by the law and the prophets, star-lighted sayings that shot like meteors across the shames and humiliations of the crucifixion. As he held up the events of the last few days to the familiar scriptures, new meanings came out in them, like secret writing held before a flame, and as he talked, the hearts of his companions burned within them.

It was twilight when they approached the village and heard the cheerful barking of the dogs and the lowing of the cattle. Then, as they drew near to the house of one of them, the dusk falling and the cry of the night-jar shaken out in a shrill spray of sound above the strips of tillage, they urged him to come in to supper and a bed with them. But as he sat at table he blessed the bread according to a custom which was well known of him, and, putting off the covering from his head, in Hebrew fashion after the blessing, suddenly they knew him. When he perceived that he was known and that they spoke neither to himself nor to one another for astonishment, he rose and slipped away into the dusk.

We hear of him again when the disciples are met together secretly for fear of the authorities, coming unexpectedly into their midst and saying, "Peace be unto you . . ." for they were affrighted, supposing they had seen a spirit. "Behold my hands and my feet . . .," he said; "handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones." And while they wondered between joy and amazement, he asked them what food they had; and when they had offered him broiled fish and honey in the honeycomb, he ate before them, talking the while as he had to the two at Emmaus of the relation of prophecy to the things which had happened to him and to them at Jerusalem. Twice he met with his disciples in this fashion, and the second time he was handled by Thomas, who, being absent on the first occasion, had declared that, unless he could lay his finger in the print of the nails, he would not believe.

There seems to have been some question in the early records whether these meetings took place at Jerusalem or in Galilee, but as to the two meetings yet to be mentioned there can be no question. To Galilee Jesus would naturally have turned; there he would have been safest from his enemies of the Sanhedrin, and there, in the lonely places of the hills, where his earliest revelations had come to him, he could have awaited the leading of the spirit. For though he could find a warrant for what had happened to him in Scripture, there is no evidence that Jesus had expected this second term of living, or that

he knew, except as it was the will of God, why it had come to him. It was not, as he seems to have realized from the first, that second coming of the Apocalypse, in which the social order was to be renewed; it was the fulfillment of prophecy, and for whatever else it was he could wait as he had always waited, without impatience, without guessing. That he should have gone about in secret was part of the necessity of the time and occasion, part, too, of his consistent plan to disembarass his disciples as far as possible from the implication of his presence. Also, simply as he had trusted their love for him, he could hardly at this juncture trust much to their discretion. That he had a refuge in the mountain of which nothing was known to them except that it *was* in the mountain, we have seen, and also that he made plans at times without consulting them; that he should have made his way back to Galilee without their aid is neither new nor strange in his dealing with them; in view of his extraordinary spiritual resources, it presents few material problems.

To Galilee, then, he seems to have gone, and the disciples each to his own house and calling. The next meeting was such as to indicate that Jesus waited his final direction in the hills above the lake of Gennesaret, somewhat removed from its most popular border. On a day some weeks after the events at Jerusalem, Peter and the sons of Zebedee went fishing, and with them in the boat where Thomas and Nathaniel of Cana and two other of the disciples. They went out at even, and all that night they caught nothing, but when it was morning, the fishing smack standing close in toward the shore, they saw Jesus calling to them from the land and directing them where they should cast in the nets. But when they realized it was the Master, Peter threw his fishing coat about him, for he had stripped to the labor of casting, and waded in to the shore. Presently came the others dragging the nets, to discover that the Master had built a fire, and laid fish to broil on the coals and prepared bread. So they ate and talked together as they must have done so many times in the beginning of his ministry, when the shared, simple meal was all they had among them of the Kingdom.

In this fashion the appearances of Jesus after his death are set down, not other than the appearances of his life, except for here and there the legendizing touch. Of his coming and going in secret, mysterious vanishings are made. Mark, who wrote what Peter told him, says simply that he appeared while the disciples were at supper and upbraided them for their unbelief; but John, writing in the second century, says that the door was shut. Mark says that the women at the tomb met a young man there; Matthew makes him an angel, and Luke, writing hearsay only, makes two of him in shining garments. Such a development in forty years for an event which, even when it happened, was regarded as supernatural, is less than might have been expected. And then suddenly, on an occasion which all seem to have recognized as final, the appearances stopped.

It seems that there had been a preaching somewhere in the hills, and that more than the twelve were present. Paul, twenty years after the event, says that there were about five hundred, others mention simply a great company. After the discourse, when he would have left them, those who were nearest to him in affection went a part of the way, and when he had lifted up his hands and blessed them, they saw him pass from them toward his chosen place of which they knew nothing, except that they should not see him again in this fashion, and they believed that he had ascended into heaven.

So passed the most singular and appealing character in all history. The spring was at the flood, the barley beginning to head, and anemones bright as blood pricked out the paths. None saw him go but a handful of fishermen and villagers; Tiberius he left upon the seat of Rome and the eagles flying over Jerusalem, not a tax remitted or a dream realized, not a word of all his revelation written. Even so he went in the same quiet confidence that had sustained him, more completely at one with the purposes of God than any man who has yet believed in Him, and, as we admit, most completely justified.

Of what took place between Jesus and his disciples on the scant occasions when they were together after his crucifixion, there is not much that appears in the records. Most of it was by way of turning their minds back to the scriptures to find in them confirmation of all that he was and did as the true Messiah. This was important, since it was only by so believing that they were able to induce a world to believe in him. But two things, which do not show particularly in his other teachings, stand out to confirm the reality of his post-crucifixion teaching. The first of these was the command to go into all the world and preach his gospel, *beginning at Jerusalem*; and the second was the assurance that he would not leave them comfortless, but that they were to tarry at Jerusalem until they were imbued of the spirit. Nowhere earlier than this do we find the slightest intimation of what was expected of his disciples after he should leave them. That he had prepared them to spread his gospel is reasonably plain, but there is nothing to show that he expected other than they expected, namely, that the Kingdom should almost immediately appear. He expected to come again after death to effect the reorganization of society on Messianic lines, but there is no evidence that his own reappearance in the frame and fashion in which he had first preached was either anticipated or understood by him. He believed that he had been dead and was alive again. But if the events cloudily foreseen by him before his death had not fallen out as the vision indicated, at no time had he dropped beyond that realization of the immortal purposes of God which distinguished him. If in the last hours of his anguish he had felt himself momentarily bereft of that breast which had nourished him, lo, he had fallen into the lap of God. The currents of Eternal Being still circulated through him. How much he under-

stood of the relation of his death to the survival of his teaching we can not even guess; we can only know that the informing communion with what, for him, was the Father, was not broken. From it he drew the assurance, all that the occasion called for, that enough of what he had had would be granted to his disciples. They were to wait for it at Jerusalem. . . . "And, lo, I am with you alway." This was the hope and promise that, while it closed around the nursing faith to keep it warm, closed in upon the vital principle of Christianity almost to the point of strangling.

How tender and personal this hope was even at this distance we can measure. It kept them keyed to the expectation of things unspeakable. Every day might be the great day of the Lord! How often they might have looked out on the paths about Bethany, how many times his mother started at a knock on the door . . . for they had seen him in the flesh, and in the same likeness they thought to see him again.

Paul, when he mentions the post-crucifixion appearances of Jesus, says that he appeared also unto Peter. Of this we have no account, though such an interview is plainly indicated. It is indicated in the complete reinstatement of Peter, who denied him, in the confidence of the Master and the respect of the other disciples; it is indicated in the authority which was conceded by the twelve to Peter, even stronger in tradition than in the scripture, where evidence of it is not wanting. More than all else, it is indicated in the stout conviction of Peter himself that he had seen the Lord. He preached it, was scourged and in prison because of it; and he died for it. His faith in the risen Christ made of him—a heavy, blundering, impulsive fisherman—one of the chief apostles, preaching acceptably in the cities of the known world, establishing churches out of hand.

But of this interview Peter says nothing, unless it be indicated in that reference to the manner of his death which, he says, Jesus foretold him. And John Mark, who wrote all that he could remember of what Peter told him, says nothing, or, at least, nothing that has come down to us; for it is agreed that the story of Mark has been cut off at the point where the women, returning from the empty tomb, were afraid to speak of what they had seen. It has been suggested that the true ending of Mark was replaced by a later version, because his account of what Peter told him constituted an admission of the phantasmal character of the appearance, a vision, a hallucination.

But how if it were the other way about, and Mark's story was rejected because it showed all too plainly a man believed to be dead, but found living and as a man disposing his affairs? This would have been the more likely if the young man that the women found at the sepulchre had been the same that Mark noticed as standing by at the arrest of Jesus, and fleeing from the officers, leaving in their hands his linen garment; for tradition makes this young man John Mark

and no other. The one explanation is as possible as the other; and by the time the book of Mark was written it was not only believed that Jesus rose from the dead, but many other things were believed about him which were no part of his teachings, but were owed to Paul of Tarsus. It was notable that during their lifetime there were several things about which Peter and Paul had the greatest difficulty in coming to agreement. Paul, you may be sure, would have cut off the manuscript of Mark with his own hand if he thought it contradicted in any particular that understanding of the teachings of Jesus, which he claims openly to have received not in the flesh, but in the spirit.

But whatever Peter said and Mark transcribed, there is no question as to what he believed on the first occasion of his preaching Jesus risen from the dead. He believed all that we have seen Jesus do and teach; he believed also that he had seen his Master in the flesh, Himself and not another. He believed that Jesus was the Christ, and that his crucifixion and resurrection could be shown to be part of the authentic prophecy. He believed that the death and raising from the dead had been permitted both as a witness to the Messianic character of Jesus and as an assurance to man of a life beyond this life which should belong to those who believed in him. This was important in view of something else which he had come to believe within the last forty or fifty days, namely, that the Kingdom might be some time deferred, and that many of the disciples, himself among them, should die before it could be inaugurated. But with the certainty that Jesus was a Christ of the dead that died in the Lord, there was an end of all uneasiness.

It is not difficult to realize how important a part this single item of resurrection from the dead played in the acceptance of Christianity, for without it, where indeed would have been the assurance that once the race was run the crown would be forthcoming? The preparation for the Kingdom prescribed by Jesus and his disciples demanded sacrifices and separations. . . . "I came not to send peace, but a sword," said the Master, "to set a man at variance against his father. . . ." Why, then, should they suffer these things if by dying before the great day men should lose their inheritance? It was the assurance that they should not so lose that brought Peter and the others back to Jerusalem, where, they must have known, they would be received in something of the same kind as Jesus had been. They came back secure in the faith that nothing whatever that happened to them could separate them from the love of Jesus. And if it were a vision that had brought them to this pitch, then it were well if mankind would sometime cultivate the faculty of visions.

They came back, then, about a hundred and twenty of them, at the time of Pentecost; more than had actually accompanied Jesus on his first journey in the flesh. They came because they had somehow been convinced that there were to be no more appearances, and that at Jerusalem they were to wait for a baptism of that spirit which was

in Jesus. For they had said to him on one of the occasions of their being together after the crucifixion: "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" And he had answered them:

"It is not for you to know the times or the seasons . . . but ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

In pursuance of this parting instruction they had come together, and finding a warrant for it in the book of Psalms—for Jesus had evidently not instructed them on this point—they chose another of their number, one Matthias, to be numbered with the eleven in the place of Judas, as a witness of the resurrection. Thus having done what they could to perfect the form of organization which Jesus initiated, they were all with one accord in one place, praying and waiting. And suddenly, as with the sound of a mighty wind from heaven, the Holy Ghost was upon the company, and like unto a tongue of fire it dwelt upon each of them. Whoever, in whatever cause, has received the illumination of the spirit, will well know that sense of wind and fire with which it confirms its coming. Descending on these plain villagers and fisher folk, it lifted them to the most stupendous spiritual undertaking of all history.

(To be concluded)